WEEKLY MONITOR.

Vol. I. No. 24.

TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE,
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, ELEVENTH MONTH 24, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER.—No. VIII.

I engaged, said the Doctor, to give you a general outline of the second article of my system. We agreed in opinion, Madam, that the seeds of licentiousness are often sown in the minds of children, by domestics in families; and you observed that it was an evil for which you could not think of any mode of redress. I will now describe my ideas of a remedy, of which your judgment will decide, as respects its probable effect.

That class of people on whom we depend for domestic assistance, traverse our cities from house to house, without recommendation—without character;—no public measures are taken to honor the good, or reform the bad; it becomes of course of but little consequence to a great part of them, whether their conduct be deserving or not, of a recommendation, without which they can easily obtain an employment, and demand their wages, as the employer is under obligation to pay for services engaged, but the domestic is under no bond for the faithful performance of those services. Virtue and vice, are distinctions which require to be marked in strong characters by society, particularly as they respect those who are occasionally intimates in our families. The laws of a state can only distinguish the grossly vicious, by making examples of such as are so abandoned, as to become obnoxious to those laws; it lies, therefore with employers to make it the interest of the domestic to behave well, and to render decency of character an indispensable requisite for obtaining domestic employment. This might be done by a variety of means; I will describe one, which I think could scarcely fail of being extremely influential, if not completely effectual.

By the society which I before mentioned, let an intelligence-office be established, and supported by a permanent salary, adequate to the services of the keeper, who should always be a widowed mother, recommended to the station by her capacity for filling it, and by her good character, particularly for the discreet management of her children; and let no one be eligible to the office of keeper, who should be otherwise so well provided for as not to want it.

But why, said the citizen, would you prefer a woman, as the keeper of this office?

For the following reasons.—First, women want aid more than men, in finding employments suited to their constitution, and productive of the means of support—particularly the widowed mother of a family;—second, a moderate salary would be accepted as a pretty income by a woman, which would not be considered as adequate to the services of a man;—third, the conditions of election, so honorary to the character of the good mother, with the salary annexed to the office, would induce many to become candidates, by particular attention to the management of their children; and this would tend, in some measure, towards making obedience and docility more fashionable with the children of those classes of society who are not in circumstances of affluence.

In the office before mentioned, all the members of society might apply for domestics wanted, and receive information of the names entered; and all persons seeking employment should have the privilege of entering their names as applicants for places, without paying a fee, and if accommodated with a recommendation, that should also be entered in the records of the office if desired. By the rules of the society, every member thereof should be under obligation to enter the names of all domestics, upon their leaving the family, stating the time they had served, and giving a good character of those who had deserved it, and none of others. These records should all be preserved in the office, and from them applicants for places should be furnished with tickets, more or less recommendatory, according to their merit, thus:

A. B. seeks a place as house-maid, she has in the intelligence-office a good character.

Then at the bottom of the ticket insert the names of those who want domestics in that line, thus:

Domestics of this description are wanted by C. D. No. ---- street. E. F. No. ---- street, and G. H. No. ---- street.

O. P. Keeper of the Intelligence-Office.

In filling these tickets, regard would be paid to the different grades of character, by various modes of expression, to any necessary number of degrees; as for instance, *a character—a good character—a very good character—an excellent character.* Under such an establishment, these tickets would in a short time become necessary to those who should be in search of employment, as the first question they would meet on application for service, would be, "*Have you a ticket?*"

The records of this office, would be a standing memorial of the merits of those who conducted well in their station as domestics. I shall next proceed to measures for rendering this meritorious character productive of honor and reward, which I will introduce with some preliminary observations. Society may be considered as consisting of three classes, the opulent, the easy, and the indigent; by the *easy* I mean those who have a profession, or some means of obtaining a comfortable subsistence by industry, without seeking service abroad, or donations at home; the two other classes need no description, from the last of which, most of our domestics are furnished. It is an old maxim that virtue is its own reward; this is intelligible to the opulent and easy, who share among them all the honors, and all the emoluments of office, which society has to bestow; but it is logic, not readily comprehended by the indigent, who see obscure virtue unsought, unknown, and undistinguished, among the mass of the wretched. To this neglect is owing, much more than to their necessities, the cause of the vices which generally attend indigence. The opulent and easy are stimulated to virtue, by public employment, by private advantages in business, by the honor of a good name, by the example of their cotemporaries, and by the checks of the law; while no general influence operates, leading them into vicious practices. The indigent are stimulated to virtue by the checks of the law only; while the necessities of their situation, the examples of those with whom they must associate; the discouraging contempt which destitute goodness is heir to, and probably the force of a bad education, all operate as discouragements of virtue or incentives to vice; thus, in one case, five influences impel to virtuous conduct, and none to vicious; In the other case one influence impels to virtuous and four to vicious conduct.—Can it then be a matter of wonder, that indigence and vice are so frequently companions? From these facts it is evident, that the class of society from which most of our domestics are taken, has more incentives to immoral courses than any other. My next object will be to propose measures for removing those incentives, by distinguishing the worthy, reducing their necessities, withdrawing bad examples, rewarding their goodness, and correcting their education.

You undertake an arduous task, sir, said the lady.

Arduous as it is, madam, not a shadow of doubt rests on my mind with respect to its success, provided the leading members of any community would undertake to carry the measures into execution.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORD NO.

There are few words in the English language more important than the word **NO**; and though it is very short, it is to many exceedingly hard to learn. Many a man and woman too, have been undone because they knew not how to say NO.

Charles Easy, a milky, good-natured young fellow, was left with a handsome patrimony, with which he went into trade. Charles had a crowd of customers, for everybody loved him; but unluckily his customers had forgotten to bring their money with them; they all, however, promised payment—some in 90 days, some in 60, and some in 30, and some next morning. Charles doubted and hesitated, but not knowing how to say NO, he credited them all. Thus his goods were scattered over the country, and while he obtained one half of the debss, at more expence and trouble than his profits upon the whole of them were worth, he lost the other half. In the midst of these embarrassments, a worthless fellow, in whose company Charles had once drank a bottle of wine, had the assurance, on the strength of this acquaintance, to ask him to be bail for him in a large sum. Charles started at this request, and the word NO was seemingly bolting out; but it stuck in his throat, he yielded, and was undone.

Tommy Smoothly was social, polite, and engaging—his faults did not spring from a perverse mind, but from his obsequiousness. Tommy loved neither the bottle nor the cards; he hated night-watching, which ever gave him the headache all the next day; but yet he gambled, drank freely, and kept late hours, because his companions importuned him, and he knew not how to say NO. At length a set of sharpers perceived Tommy's weak side, and marked him for their prey. they enticed him to deep play, fixed their fangs upon him, and never left him until they had robbed him of his last shilling. Alas, poor Tommy! what a fine man he might have been, if he had only learned to say NO.

But ah, the lovely Belinda, what pencil can paint her gaiety, or her present despair. Fair as the lily, sweet as a rose bud when it receives the morning dews, she was the solace and comfort of her parents, until a seducer, with the graceful exterior of a lovelace, and with the heart of a fiend, destroyed her virtue and her peace. Belinda, hapless girl—still the roses would have blown on thy cheek; still would joy have beamed in thy countenance,—had thou learned to say NO.

Let youth learn the proper use of this important word. If advised and persuaded plainly against your interest, say NO. If tempted to bring a blot upon your character, or a stain upon your conscience, say with energy and emphasis, NO, NO, NO. But to the prayer of want, and to the call of real honor and virtue, never say NO.

MISCELLANY.

For the Weekly Monitor.

HINTS AND OBSERVATIONS.

By often changing, the mind becomes changeable. Neatness and even elegance in dress becomes youth, and will command respect: but those who adopt every grotesque and ridiculous fashion that may come up, scare away their lovers, who have not long purses. It is difficult to determine whether the belles dress to please themselves or the men; if it be the latter, they are *out* in their conjectures, as well as at their *elbows*.

Many, apparently, prudent young ladies who are too prudent to marry rakes, are, notwithstanding, fond of their company, and will enjoy it, when the more respectable man is absent, whom they wish to make their husband; but it often happens, that this cautious man detects their duplicity, and withdraws his addresses. This is one reason why there are so many *old girls* and *old batchellors*. A worthy man will not stand in rivalship with an animal that is very far beneath him. In mixed companies it is very fashionable for groupes of young ladies to sit apart and chat upon trifling subjects, without attending to that conversation which is calculated to improve their minds. It is very proper that young people should sometimes blend in conversation with those whose judgments are riper than theirs. It is more the practice, in the present day, for girls

to speak of their *beaus*, than it was some years since.—They will sometimes boast of having *several*. It is now a rare thing to see two lovers who are in affection, *one and indivisible*. To say nothing of the exposure of *street-door courtship*, it is injurious to health at this inclement season.

RICHARD LOOK-OUT.

THE STORY OF GEO. DADE.

"George Dade, a Nottinghampshire peasant, who, passing through the different gradations of domestic servitude, in which too many acquire habits of selfishness and low cunning, gave a striking proof of a scrupulous honor, and delicate disinterestedness, which, for precept as well as example, deserve to be recorded: as it was an opportunity which most men would have seized for securing independence, and under circumstances, in which the peace of a thousand families is daily and irreparably injured, by a perverse combination of folly and indecorum, with fraud and imprudence. The subject of our present article, had, for some years, secured the esteem of his master, and all who knew him, by integrity, diligence, and affability, set off and improved by the graces of a well proportioned form, a manly and pleasing countenance.

Thus enjoying general regard, and that pleasing satisfaction, the approbation of a good conscience, the tranquillity of his mind was suddenly interrupted by discovering that he had unintentionally won the affections of a young lady in the family, rich, handsome, and accomplished, the sister of his master, whom, of all women on earth, he would have preferred, had his station been exalted, or hers less elevated. Agitated and alarmed, and under the deepest impressions of gratitude, propriety, and honor, which, in the war of interests, are found to have so little weight with his superiors, and from the impossibility of entering on an explanation, without mentioning a name, which he resolved to run all risks, rather than to bring into question; he instantly, without communicating his reasons, quitted his post for the metropolis.

Several years elapsed before the honorable motives of his abrupt departure were at all suspected; but the fair-one's attachment, and perpetual repetition of tunes, which George was known to have been constantly playing on his flute, her working in embroidery, a little drawing which he had left in the butler's pantry, first excited notice. These, and other little circumstances, which alone would hardly have been considered as evidence, but combined with the state of her health and spirits from the time of Dade's departure, amounting to substantial proof, at length convinced her brother of the generous conduct of his excellent and faithful domestic. Lost in astonishment and sympathizing with the struggle in his sister's bosom, and assured of the worth of the man she had loved, notwithstanding the inequality of condition; he could not rest till he had discovered the retreat of one who had distinguished himself by so uncommon an act of self-denial. He recommended him effectually to a man in power, who gave him a lucrative employment, and he gradually acquired sufficient wealth for a moderate man.

Accident, or the impulse of an unconquerable attachment, produced a meeting with his former mistress, and (I am not writing a novel) marriage speedily ensued. Mr. Dade, at the moment I write, is in the enjoyment of that affluence and domestic happiness, which worth like his deserves. I trust his good sense will excuse my holding forth his honorable conduct, as an exception to the base obliquities of the common herd of sordid and profligate menials, who, to forward the interest of a grovelling spirit; from dirty sensuality, or incorrigible indolence, marry for bread; and are perpetually on the watch to take advantage of youthful folly, or mature indiscretion.—The miserable victims of these inauspicious unions, (which commence without probability of happiness, and are carried on in obscene obscurity) repent when it is too late, and find themselves chained for life, to brutality, discord, ruin, and disgrace."

From the Museum of Delaware.

POLITICAL TOLERATION.

Divisions in politics, like sectarians in religion, banish every liberal sentiment from the human mind, and exclude every generous feeling from the heart. Men who are members of the same society, or perhaps of the same family, reciprocally separate into vindictive hostility, upon the fashionable influence of political epithets; and wage a persecuting warfare against their mutual happiness.

The evils of party strife are so prominent as to be acknowledged by reflecting men of all parties, and yet, previous to elections, we see all classes, from the zealot in religion to the freethinker; from the nabob to the peasant, voluntarily engage in bitter invective, as if declamation formed the basis of the government; whereas representative government is, in reality, a government of equal rights.

The customary means of monopolizing opinion and influencing elections, are subversive of the very principles for which all parties professedly contend. Parties alternately provoke each other, and both are driven to extremes; and there is but one way to remedy the evil; i. e. by breaking down the partition wall of prejudice; which has been insensibly formed by an ungenerous and unnatural contest for the virtue of names in politics. Ah, says one, that is true, "but who will be hardy enough to make the first breach in the wall. Denunciation, proscription, and every species of calumny will be heaped upon him."—That may be fact, but the thing must have a beginning, and toleration once planted in the soil of reason, would necessarily flourish and expel the thorns and thistles of party strife from among us.

NO PARTIZAN.

PATHETIC.

[*The following subsequent tale is no "vision wove in Fancy's loom," it is a simple narrative of matter of fact, and the horrible evil of uncurbed passion may here be seen faithfully reflected, as in a mirror.*] [Nat. Ægis.

Marriage is sure a matter of more worth
Than to be subject for attorney-ship—
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife!
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Shakspeare.

In W------, a small village in Saxony, there lived a poor, but honest and upright curate, who, for many years, had enjoyed, without alloy, the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness. He had a wife and only daughter. Content in the sphere in which they were placed, and unacquainted with the turbulent passions of the fashionable world, their days flowed quietly on, in an uniform

course of undisturbed felicity. The mother and the daughter took a joint care of all domestic concerns, and strove, by every considerate act of attention and love, to diminish the burden, which the cuties of the good old man imposed on him.

Harriot, (this was the name of the daughter) was, in the strictest sense of the words, the child after his own heart. He was unhappy if she was absent, even for a few hours, and she was, therefore, his constant attendant. She was about eighteen years old, but had not yet experienced the inquietudes of that passion, which often exhibits itself in early life, in the great world, and her principles and mode of thinking, were too noble and good, to inspire her parents with even the slightest apprehensions as to the wanderings of her heart. But hear her story:

It is the custom, in that country, for the cavalry to be quartered, during the time of peace, in different villages, where it is maintained at the expence of the peasantry. Many of these soldiers are riotous young men, who, by virtue of their profession and uniform, have an entrance into the houses of all the peasantry, and even of the curates. One of them, a handsome, but giddy young man, was quartered at W------, where he soon made the acquaintance with the good old parson.

The young soldier had more culture of mind than is commonly met with in such a class of men. He pleased the curate: they met frequently, and often sat up till past midnight, entertaining themselves with the histories of battles, and warlike atchievments, of which each of them knew an abundance of anecdotes.

Harriot found great entertainment in the company of the warrior, and like Othello's mistress, the story of his life, the battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed, the hair-breadth 'scapes, the moving accidents by flood and field, o'ercame her heart. Love had taken possesson of her bosom, before she was aware of its approach. The progress of this passion, when once mitted into the human breast, is certain as fate. She blushed when he took her by the hand, and was unhappy when he left her. The soldier could not resist the beautiful girl, his heart was formed for love! They therefore soon came to an explanation, but carefully concealed their mutual attachment from her parents; for they were afraid, that prudent motives would cause them to oppose it. They bound themselves to each other, however, by an oath, which, at the the same time that it shewed the strength of their affection, exhibited the most romantic turn of mind. They promised to marry each other as soon as he should attain the rank of a serjeant-major, and agreed, *that the one should destroy the other, who first failed in the engagement.*

Thus matters stood, when, contrary to the hopes of the lovers, a lawyer from a neighboring town, applied to the father of Harriot for the hand of his daughter. He was well received, and his views promoted by the old people; but when his intention was declared to the unfortunate girl, she fell in the arms of her father as if struck with lightning, and upon her recovery, she wept bitterly, and intreated him not to encourage the address of this new lover.

Her parents being ignorant of the true cause of her aversion, thought that time alone would overcome it, and they therefore gave their solemn promise to the lawyer, and resolved to use their authority in forwarding his wishes. Harriot, however, resisted every argument, and remained true to her promise; but her parents, at last, growing tired of her opposition, determined to force her into a compliance. The arguments that were made use of are needless to mention, and they were attended with success. The young soldier soon received the intelligence, and from that moment desisted from visiting the parsonage. His resolution was taken, for, without her he could not live.

A short time *before* the marriage day, a dance was given in W------, in honor of the pair. He concealed himself among the spectators, until he saw her dance; this roused him to a state of fury; he ran home, and took a pair of pistols, which were loaded, and waited until the party broke up. It was a dark night!---- but he observed the bride and bridegroom walking hand in hand. He stept up to her, and, in a low voice, requested that she would indulge him with a moment's conversation. She disengaged her arm from that of the lawyer, intreated him to walk on, assuring him she would immediately return; but, alas! it was the last moment of her existence! a pistol shot was heard, and when her friends reached the place, she was seen lying weltering in her blood at the feet of her murderer. "Now art thou mine again," cried the soldier, "our oaths are fulfilled." And with these words he disappeared, favored by the obscurity of the night. But he did not fly to escape; he delivered himself to the officer of justice, who was nearest the place, and desired to be instantly executed; which event soon followed.

BERTRAND AND AMARILLA.

A FRAGMENT.

——See yonder precipiece, which rudely hangs its head o'er the wide sheltered lake. On that the lovely Amarilla her nightly vigils kept with the lov'd ghost of Bertrand. Bertrand, the gay, the witty, and the brave, peace to his shade, adored his Amarilla. But she, alas, enslaved by the silly caprice of the sex, disdained his proffer'd vows, altho' within her bosom there dwelt a flame as bright as heavenly fire, or that which reigns in the bosom of an anchorite, when his uplifted soul is placed on heavenly things. The youth being led by that dire rage which too oft attends disdained love, and hurried on by the impetuous whirlwind of passion—mounted the summit of that awful rock—and with a frightful wildness in his looks, leaped from the dreary top.

The spirits of the lake received him in their azure arms—and soon by gentlest wafting rested his corpse upon the willowed bank.

The nymph when first she heard the news of Bertrand's death—not all the eloquence of piety, though urged in heavenly strains, could hinder her from falling into an extacy of passion—tearing her auburn locks—and nightly upon the summit of the rock held converse with the shade of Bertrand. Long did she observe this custom; till one rude boisterous night—a mighty whirlwind rose, and with irresistible force, hurried the fair mourner into the dread abyss.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

ON LOVE.

If you would know whether you love violently, examine the power which love and reason have over your heart;—If reason be superior, you do not love enough: if love be, you love somewhat too much;—but if their power be divided, you are in a condition to enjoy all the delights of the passion, and to be actuated only by seasonable desires.

MEDICAL.

From the United States Gazette.

Published by desire.

As we are the daily victims of casualties and disease, the mind of man has ever been employed to prevent the occurrence of the one, and to remedy the other. Self-love was perhaps, the original stimulus that led to those researches; but it is certainly now, in most cases, a benevolent affection of the human heart that directs the application of their results. If, under this view, I should communicate to a suffering fellow-citizen the means of relief, though it may differ from the received principles of the science of medicine, and the practice of physicians, in a very prevalent and a very fatal disease, the Consumption, I hope I shall not be deemed assuming or obtrusive. Completely to eradicate this disorder, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing; but I will venture to affirm, that, by a *temperate mode of living (avoiding spirituous liquors wholly,) wearing flannel next the skin; and taking every morning half a pint of new milk mixed with a wine glass full of the expressed juice of green hoarhound*, the complaint will not only be removed, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what its mildest form could give reason to hope for. I am myself, Sir, a living witness of the beneficial effects of this agreeable, and though innocent, yet powerful application. Four weeks use of the *hoarhound* and *milk* relieved the pains of my breast; gave me to breathe deep, long, and free; strengthened and harmonized my voice; and restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for many years. Hence I am emboldened to pray you to make this known through the medium of your paper, that the public welfare may be promoted by the preservation of private worth: that the sacred ties of friendship; the blissful union of love; the high, ennobled, and interesting connexions of husband and wife, parent and child, may not be as suddenly and as frequently severed by the hand of death.

P.

PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDING.

In the first code of laws in Massachusetts, we find the following wholesome provision made to restrain scolding:—"Whereas there is no express punishment by any law hitherto established affixed to the evil practice of sundry persons, by exhorbitancy of the tongue in railing and scolding. It is therefore ordered, that all such persons convicted before any court or magistrate, having cognizance of the case, shall be gagged or set in a ducking stool, and dipped over head and ears three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water, as the court or magistrate shall judge meet."

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

The following production extracted from an Irish print, will no doubt afford amusement to some of our readers.

[*Amer. Daily Adv.*

To the Honorable Commissioners of Excise, the Honorable Petition of Patrick O'Conner, Blaney O'Brien, and Carney O'Quire, to be appointed Inspectors, and Surveyors, and Overlookers, vulgarly called Excisemen, for the county of Cork, (its own self, my Jewel,) in the kingdom of Ireland.

And whereas We your aforesaid petitioners will both by night and by day, and all night and all day; and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch, and carry; and we will see all, and more than all, and every thing, and nothing at all of all such goods and commodities, as may be, and can be, to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid petitioners, will at all times, and at no time at all, and at times past, be present and absent, and backward and forward, and behind and before, be every where and no where, and here and there and no where at all.—And We your aforesaid petitioners, will come and inform, and give information and notice, duly and truly, and honestly and wisely, according to the matter as we know, and do'nt know, and by the knowledge of ourselves and every one and no one at all; and we will not cheat the king any more than what is known, and at all times lawfully practised.

And whereas we your aforesaid petitioners, as we are Gentlemen of Reputation, and we are Irish Protestants, by Shaint Patrick, so we are, and we love the King, and will value him, and we will fight for him, and run for him and from him, and after him, and behind him, and before him, and at one side of him, to serve him, or any of his Relations and acquaintances, as far and as much farther than lies in our powers, dead or alive, as long as we live, and longer too.

Witness our own several and seperate Hands in Conjunction one after another, one and all three of us both togetiner.

DARBY McCLOSKY,
TEAGUE O'REGAN,
BARNEY O'BLANEY,
TOBY O'SHOCKLESLY.

USEFUL HINT.

The following sensible hint is copied from a miscellaneous volume, published in the year 1789.

[Boston Weekly Mag.

"One striking feature in the political complexion of the Dutch Republic is, that the children of both sexes are, from the moment of the earliest capability, initiated into some line of industrious avocation among them. Solon and Lycurgus could not have chalked out a wiser line for the service of the Grecian States. It was an opinion with Alexander the Great, that boys nurtured and brought up in the camp, were ever after fond of arms—and practice gave sanction to theory. It holds equally good that children early trained up to industry, ever incline to it in maturity—for, in the language of the poet, *It grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength.* To our countrymen, we hope the application is evident—If they accustom their little ones to honest employment, (such as will suit their years, constitutions and choices) they will thereby render them virtuous and independent citizens, a credit to themselves, and an ornament to society. The consequences of a different conduct are evident."

INSTANCES

Of Judgments upon Theatres. &c.

The Amphitheatre at Fidonia fell in, and killed 50,000 people, A. D. 26; the ruins of it now remain at Catel Ginbelio.

A fire happened in a barn at Burwell, Cambridgeshire, at a puppet-show, when 160 persons lost their live, 1777.

At the fire-works exhibited at Paris, in honor of the Dauphin's marriage, the passage being stopped up, occasioned such a crowd, that the people, seized with a panic, trampled upon one another till they lay in heaps; a scaffold erected over the river also broke down, and hundreds were drowned; near 1000 persons lost their lives; April 21, 1770.

Amsterdam play-house took fire; several persons were suffocated, and great numbers wounded in getting out, 1772.

Saragossa, in Spain, had 400 of its inhabitants perish by a fire that burnt down the playhouse, Dec. 1773.

Montpellier, in France, had a booth, wherein a play was performing, fell, and killed 500 persons, July 21, 1786.

An explosion of gunpowder destroyed many of the spectators of a puppet show, and greatly damaged several houses at Chester, in England, Nov. 5, 1772.

Bury, in Lancashire, had its playhouse containing upwards of 300 persons, fall down during the performance, and buried the audience under its ruins; five were killed on the spot, and many had their limbs broken, July 1, 1737.

[*Tablet of Memory.*

For the Weekly Monitor.

MORALIST.

How seldom does a true disinterested friendship take place in this age.—— People may visit and associate often, they may support a pompous shew of friendship for years, and yet a small accident shall overset it all; visits are paid and received, but what effect have they? The one sees something that the other has, which excites a desire to obtain the same, or something that shall surpass it. Here ambition, envy and pride entering, destroy it. Friendship can only subsist where humility and moderation abound.

We should not strive to outshine one another, either in dress, or in our houses, but should convince them that we do not prefer ourselves.

What greater inducement can there be for us to forgive all men the injuries they may do us, than this consideration, that notwithstanding we are daily offending God, yet he continues to shower down his blessings upon us. There is no man that is not a sharer in his goodness, for "he openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Amidst the various commotions and revolutions which are agitating the world, how safe and how comfortable it is to have our minds reposed upon the munition of rocks: and calmly observe how the Lord is at work in the kingdoms of men, and notwithstanding the opposition of man, is bringing about his own great purposes.

O, that men were wise, that they would consider this, and humbly resign their own wills unto his gracious dispensations; and endeavor to learn what they are respecting themselves.

F.

Mr. Editor,

Visiting in our quarter is the order of the day. How long it will continue so, the Lord only knows. Scarcely one moment can elapse, but what my wife is tittering about visiting. *Where shall I next go, and when shall I again have company,* is her whole study. On these two things her attention is drawn almost every day she lives. She does not pretend to calculate on the expence that attends visiting. No, this is entirely out of the question. But the *best* and most *genteel* manner of receiving her guests is the object—If this thing does not suit her altogether, she "vows" she will have nothing to do with it, but will have a *new one.* If that thing does not exactly please her taste, it is the *homeliest in the world,* and she wonders I had no more judgment than to select such an *old-fashioned* article. Thus it goes, Mr. Editor, my wife *must* visit and be fashionable, and I *must* pay for it. There is no knowing what I shall come to. But I shall endeavor to make the *best of a bad bargain.* This very evening, Sir, she is on a jaunt some where. I have sat alone till I am tired, have written these lines, and she is not come yet.

I wish, Mr. Editor, that you would put these few lines in your paper, that my wife may have a chance to see them. I don't know as they will have any good effect, but certainly they can have no bad one. I shall put just the same letters in the signature to this piece as there is in her own real name, and leave her to pick them out.

THE ROAD TO POVERTY.

NO ADMISSION.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson, whose company was generally better dispensed with than endured, frequently calling at the house of a gentleman high in office, and not chusing to take the hint of "my master and mistress are out," would often get admission by the following pretences, and then wait until the person he wished to see appeared. "O, not at home, well I'll just step in and chat with the children," or, "I'll have a talk with the parrot," or, "I'll just take an opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the stair-case." One morning, however, the servant was prepared; and seeing him from the window advancing towards the house, opened the door the moment he knocked, and keeping it nearly closed, said, in rather a louder tone than ordinary, "O, Sir, my master and mistress are both out, the children are all asleep, the parrot is dead, and the clock is run down."

SINGULAR.

A woman died lately at Cadoxstone, when her mother, aged 70 years, took the infant of her deceased daughter, and placing it at her own breast, received an immediate supply of milk for its support. The singularity of this event, caused many enquiries; and a gentleman in the neighborhood, of the highest respectability has come forward and affirmed, that the woman's age is 72;—that the infant thrives very fast, and that the milk is as fine as that of any young woman.—The last child of the grandmother was the daughter abovementioned, who died at the age of 35.

THE SAGE.

"Thou," said Mirvan to the renowned philosopher Tahika, "who knowest all things, tell me, I pray, what shall I do to attain wisdom?"

"Yoursee," answered the philosopher, "yon blind man, how he walks amidst the crowd with the help of his staff; he maketh sure of nothing till he hath touched it; you see him; why ask you then what you ought to do? You have the example before your eyes."

BRISTOL, August 4.

On Thursday last our players acted near this city: a comedy called the Metamorphosis, in which there's a song in praise of the Devil, page 14, the first four lines are thus:

Hail powers beneath! whose influence imparts
The knowledge of infernal arts,
By whose unerring gifts we move
To alter the decrees above.

Near the end of the play the seats gave a great crack, and afterwards fell, so that the auditors were all tumbled together, and frightened as if there had been conjuration. The candles fell among the wood, and were like to have set all on fire. The crowd of the people stopt up the doors, and made the

passage very slow;—some lost their swords, and others their hats and wigs, and women their headdresses and scarves, several persons were bruised, but not killed; and the upper part of the gallery falling, several women tumbled down upon their heads, and were exposed in the throng to great indecencies. The players run out at a back door, and there was a report that something more than ordinary appeared, but that is false, the Devil was too sensible of his own interest to disturb those who invok'd him, and paid him such adoration. However, several who were there look upon it as a judgment, and resolved never to go thither any more; but the players are so hardened, that they intend to act it again this evening.

The following ludicrous circumstance is a fact, and has become a subject of general conversation.

The son of a respectable landholder in the county of Meath, had been strongly attached to the daughter of a neighboring farmer; but as she did not encourage his advances, he formed a resolution of seizing her by force; and as she daily went to see a favorite cow milked, that was the opportunity fixed on.—The young lady's brother, however, got intimation of his designs, and made them known to his sister, who, as there was a striking resemblance in the persons, agreed that he should dress himself in her clothes, and attend the cow. When he had arrived at the spot, four men jumped over the hedge, seized and carried off the supposed lady (though not without much apparent resistance) to a chaise, which conveyed them to the bridegroom's residence. The priest not being at home, the wedding was deferred until the next morning. In the mean time the lover's mother tried to administer comfort to the distressed young lady; and in order to convince her that her son had no dishonorable intentions towards her, proposed she should sleep that night with her daughter. The young ladies accordingly retired soon after the rest, when a cry of "help," brought the parents to the door of their daughter's room, which the ravished fair-one had previously fastened. The disguised lover was seized, and sent to Antrim jail, where he now lies, and is to stand his trial; but as they cannot substantiate the fact, from the circumstance of the old lady putting him into her daughter's bed, he has entered an action against them for false imprisonment.

[*Dublin Paper.*

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following singular notice from a Worcester, (Massachusetts) post-rider, is copied from the National Ægis;

"George Washington Webb, post-rider from Worcester to Northampton, solicits the serious and candid attention of each of his customers, who are indebted to him for news-papers, to that portion of scripture, which may be found recorded in the latter clause of the 18th chap. of the gospel according to Saint Matthew; "*pay me what thou owest!*"

In discoursing from these words, it is the intention of the preacher to make no *division* of his matter; to have nothing to do with *notes*, except bank-notes; and to treat the subject neither logically, nor metaphysically, nor religiously, nor morally, nor physically----but *peremptorily!* As he has a mortal aversion to *long-winded* people, ever since he began to collect newspaper accounts, he will be as brief as a lawyer's summons, and, leaving his text to explain itself, come directly to the *improvement!*

Beloved brethren! Hearken unto me, and attend to the words of my mouth! Pay the post-rider quickly, when thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the post-rider deliver thy account to the attorney, and the attorney bring thee before the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, until thou hast paid the utmost farthing!

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

A lady of quality having much pressed the Doctor to favor her with the pleasure of his company at her house, was at last, by frequent solicitation, gratified in the request. But either conceiving too mean an opinion of his fair companion's abilities, or being engaged too much with his own ideas, he sat quite regardless of the lady, who exerted her utmost efforts to bring him to conversation. After having asked him hundreds of questions, and made numberless propositions, without any other reply but Yes and No, the servant brought the tea china, which scarcely was placed on the table, before the surly Cynic, in the midst of a reverie, inconsiderately took with his fingers a lump of sugar.---- The lady, burning with anger at the behavior of her disagreeable visitor, immediately ordered the servant to bring another bason of sugar. The Doctor, perceiving her emotions, quietly sat till it was brought; and then repeated the offence. The Doctor, however, seemed to take no notice of what had passed, but sat very composed till he had finished his usual quantity of tea; then hurling the cup and saucer, which were very elegant, into the ashes under the fire, he was taking his leave; but the rage which had long with difficulty been suppressed in her bosom, now burst forth with all the vehemence of an offended woman; which he interrupted, by saying, "Madam, I concluded that if you could not eat what had perhaps been touched by my fingers, you would never think of using again teht which had once touched my lips."

An Irish sailor lately fell from the top of one of our ships. Every person on the quarter deck supposed he must have been killed by the fall. The poor fellow however got up, apparently but a little hurt. The first lieutenant, who was near him, enquired where he came from? "Please your honor," replied Paddy, all the while rubbing his shoulder, "I came from the North of Ireland."

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POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

Description of a Country School-House.

Written by the master who occupies it.

MY house is built of oaken logs,
A stove within it stands,
At which, when fill'd with fire and wood,
We warm our feet and hands.

It stands upon a shady hill,
And screen'd from common view
By lofty oaks that widely spread,
Their branches to and fro.

The squirrels hop around my door,
To make the scene more gay,
While mice and rats upon the floor
Do nimbly skip and play.

A mink, a cat, or something worse,
Doth haunt the place below,
And in the loft a swarm of wasps
As mad as fire and tow.

This is my house and place of rest,
Good people mark it well,
A handsome place by all confest,
To learn to read and spell.

ON TIME.

WHILE others sing in harsher strains,
Of battles, wounds, and reeking pains,
Let nobler themes be mine;
Not *Mars* but *Venus*, prompts *my* song,
Let zephyrs waft the notes along,
And airy minstrels join.

Fair friends, your Mercury appears,
To wish you health and happy years,
With sweet poetic art;
Ye loves and graces time my lyre,
With tender warmth my soul inspire,
To touch the female heart.

Mov'd by a strange mysterious power,
Who hastes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep-ton'd string:
E'en now I saw his wither'd face
Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,
Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grisly visage frown'd,
No locks his head array'd;
He grasp'd a heroe's antique bust—
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade!

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes,
"See! hapless mortals, see," he cries,
How vain your idle schemes;
Beneath my grasp the fairest form
Dissolves, and mingles with the worm;
Thus vanish mortal dreams.

The works of God and man I spoil;
The noblest proofs of human toil
I treat as childish toys;
I crush the noble and the brave;
Beauty I mar, and in the grave
I bury human joys."

Hold! ruthless phantom!—hold! I cri'd—
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meaner hopes devour,
VIRTUE, beyond thy reach shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb,
She scorns thy envious pow'r.

On frosty wings the Demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the walls he sped,
"Another year is gone!"
The ruin'd spire, the crumbling tow'r,
Nodding, obey'd his awful pow'r,
As time flew swiftly on.

Since beauty then, to TIME must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours;
The female mind embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While Time himself endures.

ON MALICE.

THE breast in which this gloomy vice confin'd,
In secret shows the vile ignoble mind;
The downcast looks, and meditative strife,
Point out the narrow soul, and worthless life:
The clog of all mankind—not fit to die,
This great disturber of society.
Revenge, he cries—dear as the miser's pelf,
He hopes to vex the world, and plague himself;
And he who strives to do the ill he can,
Is more than brutal, and is less than man.
But stop—not let me strive to paint his shame,
But from the human race blot out his name.
So let him stifle all his stupid phrenzy,
Swell like a toad, and burst his soul with envy.

From the LITERARY TABLET.

A POOR CHANCE BETTER THAN NONE.

WITH what caution *Tomorrow* conceals its affairs,
Whether big with good fortune or no;
Man is lur'd by the butterfly aspect it wears,
While it may, or it may not be so.

Were its secrets unfolded, how soon should we pine!
But its secrets we never must know;
For fancy's fair paintings are hope's richest mine,
While it may, or it may not be so.

Will poor Tar leave his home, and brave, hopeless of gain,
Seas, and tempests, both pregnant with woe?
He will not: but he will, if a prospect remain
That it may, or it may not be so.

The coy little miss would be free from restraint,
Were she sure she unmarried must go,
Who can flatter, sing, ogle, dance, coquet and paint,
While it may, or it may not be so.

The maiden of forty, with bugles would shine,
Could she hawk some young fopling or beau,
But her dimples turn'd wrinkles compel her to pine,
She's convinc'd that it *cannot* be so.

As long as *Tomorrow* keeps one day ahead,
'Till Greenland's a stranger to snow,
Fair prospects will hang on as brittle a thread,
As it may, or it may not be so.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

PITY.

WHEN my fond heart is torn with grief,
And sorrows rend my breast,
Pity, then thou canst give relief,
And soothe my cares to rest.

Thou dost assuage the aching heart,
And dry the tears of woe;
Thou blunt'st the edge of sorrow's dart,
From which sad source they flow.

Cheer'd by the gentle evening shower,
The drooping plant revives;
So the sad heart's exhausted power,
New warmth from thee derives.

Come, Pity, then, thou heavenly maid,
With thy soft rays descend,
O! deign to grant thy gen'rous aid,
To guard my much lov'd friend.

Inspire her with thy gentle laws,
My friendship to approve,
And let me gain in Pity's cause,
Whate'er I lost in love.

EPIGRAM.

To the Landlord of an Inn, near Bray.

I wonder, friend March, you, who live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the *Vicar*?
Though it might be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a *sign*—of good liquor.

ANSWER.

Should I set up the sign of the Vicar, I doubt,
My drift might be misunderstood:
Who'd believe that the Vicar would dangle without,
If within doors the liquor was good?